

Pure Gold

By Elizabeth Schoen Cobb

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"The royal lap of luxury, and fed on the fat of the land!" Seth Dockrill said state, with a complacent smirk of the lips, gloating over a fond reminiscence.

"Now, hush! and hush!" he would add, sorrowfully, but instantly would brighten up and add, with an expression of reverence and affection upon his furrowed face, "and Allie!"

He designated Allie Bruce, his step-niece, orphaned, poor, abandoned by friends, like himself. And then old Seth would expatiate upon the virtues of this paragon of all devoted, unselfish maidens, bravely, loyally steering the frail bark of destiny for both.

This had happened: Uncle Seth, after years of roving, had returned to his native village, according to the local paper, fabulously rich. When this hint of opulence was slimmered down to a practical basis its essence proved purely prospective. It appeared that Seth had bought a gold mine in Arizona with the earnings and savings of years. He had come East to secure financial co-operation in developing it. He had a few thousand dollars in liquid funds as a nucleus for future operations.

There were three families in Benton to whom he was kin. They had forgotten him for years, they had ever re-



"Oh, Uncle!" cried Allie.

ferred to him indifferently as the shiftless rover. Ah! how changed, or rather how affectedly changed, were their sentiments now that rumor had it that Uncle Seth was rolling in wealth.

He was a reckless, whole-hearted soul and he heaped up gifts for his many pensioners. Each one, down to the babies, had some kind of a trinket set with one of the nuggets discovered in his mine, a small bagful of which he had brought East as samples. He was feasted, toasted, petted, each one of the three families vied with one another in outdoing in hospitality. Then came the disillusion.

Seth had gone to the city and had interested capital. That is, a brokerage house had agreed to furnish machinery for the mine and build a connecting railroad link across it, provided investigation verified his representation. One fatal word closed this exploitation and shattered all of the hopes of the chrysalis Croesus.

That word was "Salted!" Seth had been "hocused." Some real nuggets scattered here and there among the carboniferous veins, and the mining sharks had impoverished gulleys, the old Uncle Seth.

Soon the truth came out. Instead of warm roasts among his dotting relatives, Seth began to receive cold shoulders. One by one his former time-serving friends began to edge away from him. Only one remained true—Allie, the slave of the family, where she was barely tolerated because she was a child of toil.

"I've got a thousand dollars left," Seth told her, "and I've learned my lesson. I want to adopt you, Allie, and I'm good for years of work yet. We may not live very luxuriously, but we'll be happy, eh, little girl?"

"Yes, surely that, dear Uncle," responded Allie, with her sunshiny ways and tender smile. "I'm a famous housekeeper and I'll try to make you comfortable."

Uncle Seth was brisk, original and tireless. He rented a neat little cottage with a patch of land around it and started in to raising medicinal herbs on contract for a city chemical house. The plants required extreme care, but the promised returns at the end of the season were large.

One afternoon Allie, gazing down the road looking for the return of her uncle from the village, was startled and terrified to discover him hanging limp and helpless in the arms of a young man she had never seen before. She ran out to him, pale and trem-

"Oh! what has happened?" she panted; but her uncle, though wincing with pain and white as a sheet, tried to smile.

"Just a broken leg, dear," he said. "I fell through the old bridge. It's lucky this young man was near, for I couldn't stir and was nigh to the point of fainting."

"We must get him into the house and I will run for a doctor, if you will tell me where to find one," spoke the young man. His tones were clear, they had a ring of genuine sincerity and somewhat reassured Allie.

It was hours later before Uncle Seth, advised by the doctor that weary months of idleness were before him and that he would never walk without a crutch again, had time to thank this stalwart young fellow who had performed prodigious though silent and undirected helpfulness during the disorder attending the accident. Intuitively, while the doctor was setting the injured leg, the young man seemed to guess out neglected work. He fed the horse, milked the cow, attended to the chickens, weeded the long rows of plants and then came into the kitchen and offered to help Allie prepare the evening meal—all of which she dilated on to her uncle.

"Oh, Uncle, he is so thoughtful, so helpful—a regular miracle man. He looks at a task and it is done."

"My mind is mightily relieved," her uncle told her the next morning. "This young man we kept all night seems just looking for a quiet home. He's bargained to stay with us until the fall crop is in."

"I'm glad," said Allie, frankly. "I like his ways very much. Where does he come from, Uncle?"

"Jail."

"Oh, Uncle!" gasped Allie in a shocked way.

"It's truth, child," declared Uncle Seth, gravely. "His name is Glen Fairchild. He bore the brunt of a thieving political crowd in the city, whose tool he was, and is just a week out of prison. He didn't sulk there, he says. He took his medicine and did the tasks expected of him and studied nights. Besides he's acquired a wonderful smattering of information—law, medicine, science. He's truthful and square as a die and he's learned his lesson in politics, just as I did in gold mines."

"If Mr. Fairchild had been in jail all of his life I would trust him and like him," Allie told her uncle a month later. "Oh, he is so intelligent! He has got things working on a system that makes my head dizzy, and so kind and entertaining and true, Uncle. Oh! true blue all the way through."

Glen Fairchild lingered at the pleasant little home long after the crop was in and had been delivered and paid for at a splendid profit. He had got interested in old Seth's story of his mine investment.

"See here," he said one day, "give me a power of attorney and let me go out to Arizona and see if there isn't some saving clause in the middle."

"Oh, Uncle!" cried Allie, six weeks later, coming into his room, a fluttering telegram in her hand. "Read! read! No, I'm so excited I'll read it to you," and she did, as follows:

"Wire quick. District gone copper crazy. Your claim rich with it. Am offered fifty thousand. Will you work it or sell it?"

"Sell," went the vivid response over the wire an hour later.

"The miracle man, indeed!" said Allie, and her eyes were fixed wistfully upon the landscape, as she realized how greatly she had missed Glen Fairchild during his absence.

"Thank you, but I don't go junketing around much with my lame leg," Uncle Seth politely but pointedly observed to one of the old-time relatives who had heard of his new accession of fortune and had invited him to a family dinner. "Besides, Allie and I are engrossed just now over some wedding preparations down at our house. That will make a new relative, Glen Fairchild, and of course we feel like giving him special attention just now."

Remarkable Mirage Seen at Dairen.

A mirage was witnessed at Dairen, formerly the Russian "dream city" of Dulay, on the Liaotung peninsula. The vision appeared upon the side of the bay and was discovered by the pursuer of the Shanghai liner Sakaki Maru, while coming into port. Looking northward, he saw vast structures upon the side of the bay, where he knew no such buildings existed. A crowd assembled, and the vision was promptly declared to be a mirage—one of the most remarkable ever seen in the far East. It originally appeared to be three buildings, six stories high. This disappeared and then a whole city rose out of the waters of the bay—a great city with a tall church tower in the middle ground. The tiles upon the church roof were plainly discernible. At the right of the picture stone walls of a large roofless structure, blackened by a destructive fire, were visible. No such aerial images have been seen before at Dairen, and superstitious citizens are variously commenting thereon.—East and West News.

Growth of British Debt.

During the year ending March 31, next, \$8,290,000,000 will be added to the gross debt of the British government, according to an estimate by the London Statist. If this estimate proves accurate the gross debt will then stand at \$27,530,000,000. Of this sum, however, \$7,150,000,000 will represent loans to British allies and dominions leaving a net debt of \$20,380,000,000. At the close of the fiscal year ending March 31, 1914, the debt totaled \$3,256,000,000, so that the war will have added \$17,124,000,000 to the net debt if hostilities should continue until

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Mountains of Salmon.
The Skenna river boasts a great number of salmon canneries, and, next to the Fraser, is probably the largest center of this industry in British Columbia. On occasions when the fishing fleet comes in with a big catch, as many as 20,000 to 30,000 large salmon may be seen at one time in a rainbow-hued pile of sparkling beauty.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Giving Happiness.
To give happiness and to do good is our only law, our anchor of salvation, our beacon light and our reason for existence.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Columbus and Friday.
It is said that on Friday Columbus set out from Spain to seek a new world. On Friday he first caught sight of land. On Friday he started on his return voyage. On Friday he safely arrived back in Spain. On Friday he first sighted the American mainland on his next voyage. On Friday he first set his foot upon it, and again on Friday he landed in his native land.

Virtues Bred by Work.
Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

COMMAND "WENT" FOR BOTH

Indiana Woman's Sharp Order Scared Junkman as Well as Dog That Was Digging Up Garden.

There is a woman in Irvington who is certainly in bad with a junk man, all on account of a dog. It was not her dog, nor yet the junk man's, which makes the case sadder than ever. The dog belongs to a neighbor, and must be the reincarnation of Captain Kidd or some other pirate, for his whole existence seems to be spent in seeking for buried treasure. As pirate treasure was always buried in the most unlikely places, that is where he digs. Nobody but a pirate or a dog would look for treasure very far below the surface of an onion bed, for instance, but the digging that dog did made the Irvington woman's onion bed look like a model of the Hindenburg line just after it was broken. The dog was "sedulously engaged in his terrestrial explorations," as they would say it in Irvington, when the woman saw him from the window. Rushing to the door, she shrieked, "Get out of here!" at the top of what is naturally a soft and cooing voice. Instead of one scramble there were two, and a junk man, until then unnoticed, passed through the open back gate just half a jump ahead of the dog, both going strong. It was more than a minute before the voice of the junk man was heard in the siren song, "Ba-a-agsol-l-?-diron," and even at the distance it betrayed a decided tremolo. — Indianapolis News.

TOO STRENUOUS.



"Movin' Fido?"

"Yes, I'm goin' to change into some family what ain't got seven small boys."

MORE ON HAND.

Her Admirer—Your sister has such beautiful hair.

His Small Brother—You haven't seen a quarter of it yet.

STUNG.

Stella—Was Jack wounded at the front, then?

Maud—No; he came home on leave, and sat on a wasp's nest.

WILLING TO RISK IT.

Surgeon—Do you carry accident insurance?

Victim—No, but go ahead and operate; I'll take a chance.

CYNICAL.

"What a good, sensible girl Miss Nellie is."

"Yes; that is the reason the men keep away from her."

POOR HAND.

Cholly—Your daughter is my queen and I her king.

Hed Dad—Take her. A pair of jacks is more serviceable.

THE REASON.

"I saw a man just now fairly choking with anger."

"Perhaps he had to swallow his words."

ECONOMIZING.

"Are you doing anything to save the food supply?"

"Well, we've given up keeping goldfish."

ANSWERED UNDER PRESSURE.

Alice—What did you say when he asked you if you loved him?

Edith—I refused to answer at first, but he squeezed it out of me.

CLEVER DOG.

"My dog can scent a storm hours off."

"Then his nose must be something of a storm center."

PUBLIC ROADS

ROADS REDUCE LIVING COST

Make for Prosperity More Than Any Other National Undertaking, Says Alaskan Engineer.

"Good roads, more than any other national undertaking, make for the prosperity, happiness and contentment of the people," declared Col. W. P. Richardson, engineer in charge of highways in Alaska. "This is particularly evident at this time, when in every large city there is protest against the high prices of food. In my judgment, good roads, more than any other agency, will help to solve permanently the high cost of living. Transportation, of course, is at the foundation of prices. It is truthfully said that where there is inadequate transportation food prices mount high. We know that in cities prices are greatly in excess of those in rural districts and it is all a matter of transportation and distribution. If we have good roads, we can get our products to market. If



Good Road Over Rocky Mountains.

we haven't, we cannot. Products on the farm are worth nothing if they cannot find a market. I am convinced that the most important governmental work is in the improvement of the roads. In this day of motor trucks it is much easier to haul products to the cities or to railroad terminals than it was a few years ago, but we must have good roads to do it. There is not the slightest doubt that good roads many times over pay for themselves. They are a fundamental economic necessity.

"The initial outlay in the building of good roads may seem large, but it is small in comparison with the benefits that accrue. In Alaska we have approximately 900 miles of improved roads, varying from the ordinary country dirt road to the best kind of macadam. In Nome there is a stretch of road over which in the summer time thousands of tons of products are hauled."

POOR ROADS ARE EXPENSIVE

Mistaken Idea That Improved Highways Are Solely for Benefit of Automobile Owners.

Poor roads are very expensive things for country communities. The farmer who thinks that improved highways are mainly for the benefit of those who drive automobiles should reflect on the results of a recent investigation by the department of agriculture, which finds that the cost of hauling farm produce over ordinary country roads is 23 cents a ton mile, whereas over hard-surfaced roads it is only 13 cents. — Youth's Companion.

OPERATION OF A ROAD DRAG

Use Pokest, Laziest Kind of Team and Let Them Have Their Own Time—Just Keep Moving.

Do not wait for anything; build a drag and get out onto the road.

Drive very slowly. Use the pokest, laziest team you own, and give them their time. Just so they keep moving they will be going swiftly enough. After you have used the drag a year, and have learned when to drive rapidly and when to drive slowly, you can carry a whip or drive a mettlesome team.

Vetch as Cover Crop.

An expert says that winter vetch does best as a cover crop if a little rye is seeded with it. One bushel of vetch to one-half bushel of rye per acre is about right.

Bad Habit of Cow.

Once a cow finds out she can get over an old fence there will be trouble perhaps for all time.

Rats Are Expensive.

Fifty rats on a farm will cost the owner \$100 to \$200 a year.